National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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The Boy Duke:

A Tale of the 10th Century.

GUY DE BRIANCOURT.

"It Looks as if the Stroke of War Had Fallen Here."

BOIS THE REBEL.

"The Duke of Normandy is My Liege Lord."

BY FRANCIS WILSON ("FANNIE WILLIAMS"), Author of "Harry Redfearn, the Young Machinist"; "Anthony Blake, a Boy of the Period"; "Dick Leslie's Life in Texas," "The Boys of Brythenwaite School," "Rob and Bob," "Prince Olaf," "The Land Beyond the Golden Cave," "Lizabel, the Child of the Storm," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

GUY DE BRIANCOURT.

THE young Duke knew that he had little time to waste on his way to Brittany, if he hoped to save Duke Alan's hostage from the death that menaced him; and after parting with Count Bernard, the cavalcade pushed forward with all convenient speed.

The first day's journey took them far into a part of Richard's realm where neither he nor his Esquire had ever been before. They rode fast, and much of the country through which they passed was wild and rough; and when, about sunset, they beheld the battlemented tower of a castle in the distance, all of the troop were weary enough to hail with satisfaction what seemed to be the prospect of a good resting-place.

Richard and Osmond spurred their jaded horses to a quicker pace, and their followers, at a respectful distance, did the same. But, as they drew nearer to the gray stone pile which had appeared to promise them a shelter for the night, a different aspect was presented to their disappointed gaze.

It was indeed a castle tower which loomed so tall and dark against the sunset sky; but all around it was a dismal heap of ruins. The broken pavement of a court, half hidden by grass and weeds, the crumbling portion of a side wall, marking where the hall

RUINS OF THE CASTLE.

had stood, and the massive arch of stone which once had been a gateway, showed these to be the ruins of a castle of considerable size.

The outer wall had been surrounded by a moat, as the castle stood on level ground, instead of the rocky eminence most commonly selected for the site of such a stronghold; but the moat had long been dry, and filled with rubbish from the fallen walls, though its course could still be traced by a line of willows and rankly-growing weeds. Evidently, it was a disaster of no recent occurrence which had laid this place in ruins.

The tower which remained was battered and blackened with the marks of fire and siege, its battlements were broken and defaced, and bats were flying in and out of its narrow, loophole windows; nevertheless, there were some signs that it was still occupied as a human habitation. Something like a path was trodden across the weed-grown pavement, and the entrance to the tower was supplied with a frail door, rudely constructed of charred and splintered boards. The iron-bound door of oak, which had once been supported by the thick stone casing, had evidently been burnt or battered down.

"What place is this?" said Richard, wonderingly. "It looks as if the stroke of war had fallen here."

"Ah!" said Bothon of Bayeux; "I mind me now—this ruin, my Lord, was the castle of Bois de Briancourt."

"BOIS THE REBEL?"

"Yes, my Lord; he was killed while holding the castle in siege against your father's forces. He swore that he would hold it so long as one stone remained upon another; and, as you see, there was only this tower left standing when he fell. Longsword was leading the attack, and De Briancourt, in a rash attempt to strike him down, leaped upon the battlements in full view of the arches—and lost his life by his temerity. The moment he raised his halberd, to hurl it at the Duke, the arrows flew in showers, and he fell back, pierced through the brain. His followers then surrendered."

"What a pity that so brave a man should have been a robber and a rebel!" murmured Richard.

He knew the story well—how the Baron Bois de Briancourt had quarreled with his neighbor, the Baron du Mar, and taking advantage of his enemy's absence from home, invaded his castle, killed half a dozen of his retainers, and carried off his silver drinking-cups, his armor, his horses and his daughter. Du Mar returned, collected his followers, and gave battle to his foe; but Bois proved the stronger, and Du Mar, being defeated, appealed to William Longsword, the Duke, whose arm was always quick to strike for any liegeman claiming his protection, and his hand always firm to maintain the law and order of his realm.

He promptly took up the cause of his injured vassal, and came to his assistance with a force of Norman archers and a body of Danes from Bayeux. He required the robber Baron to release the daughter of Du Mar and restore his property, and also to make satisfaction for the outrage he had committed against the peace of Normandy; but the haughty Bois refused obedience, in-

BEATING THE YOUTH.

trenched himself in his castle, and defied his Lord the Duke; whereupon Longsword and Du Mar laid siege to him, with the result related by Bothon of Bayeux.

"It looks not much as if we should get a lodging here," said Osmond, gazing disconsolately at the ruined castle.

"Perhaps we may; the tower appears to be inhabited," said Richard. "Let us try, at least, for I have no mind to ride any further to-night."

"Well, my Lord; for my part, I am wearied enough to sleep on yonder heap of stones if I could find no better bed," returned the Squire, jumping down from his horse and stretching his limbs as if they were cramped from long riding. "I will go forward and find out who dwells in such a tumble-down abode."

"Some woodcutter or plowman, I dare say, has taken possession of this remnant of the castle," said Bothon of Bayeux. "It would suit me better to keep on till we could find a decent lodging for the Duke," he added; "but there is none nearer than the castle of Godefroy du Mar, and that is six good Danish leagues from here."

GODEFROY DU MAR.

This Godefroy to whom Bothon referred was the heir of that du Mar, the enemy of Briancourt, who had been the cause of war between Duke William and his vassal, and who had since died and been succeeded by his son. Richard remembered having seen Godefroy at Rouen, and received his homage; there was no doubt that he would be sure of a warm welcome at this young Baron's castle; but he answered, laughingly:

"Oh, talk of no more Danish leagues to-night, Count Bothon! This place will serve us for a lodging well enough; the men will have to lie out under the sky, but what care they for that? I would willingly sleep on the ground among them, for that matter."

A murmur of applause passed among the soldiers, who stood near enough to hear what their young Lord said; they were well pleased with such a proof that he had no idea of growing up a Carpet Knight. Bothon answered:

"You would be safe enough, my Lord. But we must not let you sleep without a roof over your head, unless necessity requires it. Go, therefore, Osmond and see what sort of shelter the place affords; perchance it may be better than it looks."

In compliance with this request, Osmond went forward and approached the entrance to the tower; but suddenly he stopped, and bent his ear in a listening attitude. At the same moment he caught sight of three horses, caparisoned as for a hunt, standing in a corner of the ruin, where a pile of stones and rubbish, overgrown with weeds, had concealed them from discovery at first. They stood quietly, however, and the curious sounds which fell upon his ear came, very plainly, from within the tower.

Osmond cautiously advanced until he came in range with the entrance, for the rude door hung partly open, and gave him a view of the interior, which, as he now saw, was illuminated by the smoky and flickering blaze of a newly-kindled fire. His position was such that he could look in without exposing himself to discovery; and it was apparent to his companions in the rear, that some unusual and suprising spectacle was presented to his gaze. He turned to them and beckoned, with a motion toward the open door and a finger on his lips.

The young Duke and the two Danes dismounted, and moved toward the spot with silent footsteps, as enjoined by Osmond's gesture; but when they came up, and took in at a glance the whole interior of the small, square room, inclosed by the four walls of the tower, with its pavement of stone, its massive stairway filling half the space, and its total lack of any provision for human comfort, save the fire of sticks and the fat young deer, lately killed, which lay before it ready to be cooked—the firelight revealed a scene so cruel and revolting, that

RICHARD BROKE THE SILENCE WITH A LOUD, INDIGNANT CRY.

The Norman Danes, when making war, were known as a fierce and pitiless people, even in those fierce and pitiless times; and Bothon of Bayeux and Ivo de Belesme were no more renowned than others of their countrymen for tenderness of heart. But when they looked upon the cruel scene which had occasioned Richard's outcry of righteous indignation, they both gave utterance to a like feeling, in deeper tones of wrath.

In the center of the tower room stood three men, whose rich attire showed them to be huntsmen attached to the train of some wealthy noble; two of them were grasping the arms of a youth somewhat older than Richard, whom they were holding down upon his knees, while the third stood over him with a long, leathern strap, and lashed him without mercy.

The boy was naked to the waist, his back was bleeding and scored with livid stripes, his face was deathly pale; but not a sound escaped his lips, and no tears were in his eyes. He struggled to escape, with a fury of desperation which more resembled the courage of a brave man overpowered than the terrified resistance of a boy.

The two men who held him had as much as they could do to keep him down; and the whole three, intent upon their cruel task, had been deaf to all sound of the approach of Richard's party, until the Boy Duke's angry shout broke on their ears with startling suddenness, and the next instant he came bounding into the tower, with Osmond at his side.

Sir Ivo and Bothon followed closely, and in another moment the place was crowded with the men-at-arms, who, on hearing a loud cry in the Duke's voice, had rushed upon the scene.

"Hold!" cried Richard, as, with reddened cheeks and flaming eyes, he confronted the three huntsmen and the boy whom they had beaten so severely. "What means this barbarous proceeding?"

The huntsmen, dropping their hold upon the boy, drew back and shrunk together in dismayed and cowering silence; and their youthful victim, finding himself released, staggered to his feet and stood before the Duke, panting with exhaustion and trembling with pain, but still undaunted and unsubdued, to judge from the expression of his firmly-set lips and fiercely-flashing eyes.

He was a well-formed youth, with features full of spirit, dark eyes, and dark hair curling on his forehead; a youth of no common appearance, and Richard decided at a glance that his ancestry was noble; yet his hands were rough and hardened with the unmistakable marks of toil, and he wore the garb of a low-born menial; which was nothing but a coarse tunic or blouse, with no sleeves, and hardly reaching to the knee.

The garment had been stripped so rudely from his back, that only his rawhide belt kept it from falling entirely off his person. He made a motion to replace it, but his fingers trembled so perceptibly that Richard, with a compassionate look, signed to Osmond to assist him; and the Squire stepped up to him, and drawing the tunic to its place, secured it as best he could at the neck; which kindly office appeared to strike the boy with speechless amazement—he seemed so little used to kindness. In spite of his stoical self-command, he winced when the coarse fabric touched his lacerated shoulders; and Richard, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed:

"POOR FELLOW! IT WAS A CRUEL THING TO TREAT YOU THUS.

What have you done to be so harshly punished?"

The boy answered only by an angry gesture, to indicate the deer which lay before the fire, with a bow and arrows near by.

"What!" cried Richard; "have they beaten you like this, just for shooting a deer?" And he cast a look of indignation at the huntsmen.

One of them would have spoken, but the boy forestalled him, bursting out in a passionate voice:

"Let them beat me while they can! My time will come, I hope! I shot the deer, and so I will again, before I will go hungry, with game enough in the forest!"

"Sieur," said the huntsman, who seemed to have recovered from his first alarm at the appearance of Richard's company, and to have satisfied himself that there was no reason for regarding them with fear,—"Sieur, there is no need of his going hungry; he is a runaway from the Castle of Meulan, where he can have a safe shelter, and all the meat

COUNT GUY DE MEULAN.

he wants. He was forbidden to leave the castle, or chase the deer; and if we have punished him severely we have only acted according to the command of our Lord, for he bade us catch the willful knave and scourge him well, and bring him home again. The Lord of Meulan would not willingly allow him to pass a night alone in this unprotected place."

"Then why," said Richard, "has he run away from the Lord of Meulan's hall?"

"Because he is an unruly, rebellious young rascal—though he comes honestly enough by that!—and the Seneschal was going to have him flogged for brawling and fighting with another scullion boy," replied the huntsman.

"*I* am not a scullion!" the boy retorted, angrily; and he added, in a milder tone, to Richard: "He tells the tale to suit himself. I did not fight and brawl; but I knocked the young menial into the fireplace for taunting me because my father was a rebel!"

"Boy, who are you?" asked Bothon of Bayeux, regarding him with a look of interest.

"I am nephew to Count Guy, the Lord of Meulan," the boy made answer, with a bitter emphasis, "and I am called the same as he."

"Do you mean that your name is Guy de Meulan?"

"My name is Guy de Briancourt!"

"De Briancourt?" repeated Sir Ivo; and he glanced at Bothon with a look of questioning. "I did not know there was any left of that name in Normandy."

"Sir Knight," said the huntsman, "this boy is the son of that robber and rebel, Bois de Briancourt."

"O—ho!" exclaimed the Knight; and Bothon turned a look of some disfavor on the boy, as he remarked:

"I WAS NOT AWARE THAT BOIS HAD LEFT A SON."

It was known to all, however, that Guy, the loyal Count of Meulan, was a brother of the rebel Baron whose deeds of robbery and violence had made him a terror to this part of Normandy, and who had justly met his fate at the avenging hands of Longsword; and that Guy, on that occasion, had fought in person with the Duke against his brother. After the fall of Bois, the Duke had divided his possessions—which were forfeited by his crime—giving half to his loyal brother and half to the Baron du Mar, whose castle he had despoiled.

The defaced and blackened tower, which was all that remained of the Castle of Briancourt, stood on the ground that now belonged to young Godefroy du Mar; and near adjoining were the lands which had fallen to the Count of Meulan's share. But the castle of that Lord was many leagues away; and the runaway boy, who had escaped, as it appeared, from his uncle's guardianship, had showed himself possessed of not a little hardihood, in making his way alone through the forest for such a distance, and braving all the dangers of such a toilsome and unprotected journey, to hide himself amid the ruins of his father's hall.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CLAMEUR DE HA RO.

"It seems to me," said Richard, speaking kindly to the son of Bois de Briancourt, "that you have made a poor exchange in turning your back upon a place of safety in your uncle's hall, and coming here for shelter."

"Where else could I go? This ruin is my home—or all that is left of what was once my home," rejoined the runaway in mournful accents; but his tone became defiant, as he added: "If I cannot call it mine, it is at least a place where my uncle is not Lord! I want no meat from *his* board, and no safety in his hall!"

"Nay, Guy, that sounds ungrateful," said the Boy Duke gently.

"And for what should I be grateful to the Count of Meulan?" retorted Guy. "For these bleeding stripes upon my back, perhaps!"

"I can hardly believe," said Richard, "that your uncle meant to have you treated with such cruel severity. These men have doubtless gone beyond his instructions. It seems he took you home and cared for you when you were left an orphan, though his oath of loyalty required him to take arms against your father. If you hate him for that you are to blame."

"I do not hate him for that; perhaps I did at first," said Guy, with earnest candor, "but I was very young and knew no better. Now I am not a child, that I should bear a childish grudge. I know my father was a rebel;

I KNOW DUKE WILLIAM WAS A JUST RULER,

and bound to defend the rights of his vassals. I know my uncle only did his duty when he helped his Lord."

"Then," said Richard, gravely, "if you know all that, why is it that you speak of your uncle in such a thankless way?"

Guy de Meulan's nephew answered, bitterly:

"If I speak so, I speak but as I feel. I am not thankful to the Count of Meulan! If he has fed and clothed me, I have paid him with my toil; for he has made a menial of me, though I am his brother's son. He has fed me as he fed his dogs—there is not a cur about the castle but gets enough to eat. He has put me to the coarsest work, and made me the companion of his lowest underlings. But he need not think I shall submit to be a servant all my days! I never can forget that I am born of noble blood; as noble as the Count of Meulan's own!"

The boy's head was lifted so proudly as he spoke, and his dark eyes burned with such a haughty fire, that Richard said within himself:

"The Count of Meulan might have found a better use for such a nephew than to make a servant of him."

He said nothing aloud, however; and Guy went on vehemently:

"If I should thank the Count for all the blows, the gibes and insults I have endured at Meulan, it would be no more nor less than what I owe to him! The very servants think they have the privilege of kicking me about, because my uncle degrades me to their level. It was not quite so bad when my cousin Galeran was at the castle," the boy continued, in a softer tone, "for *he* was always kind to me, and would not let the menials taunt and buffet me when he was by. But since he went away, two years ago, to be the Page of Heribert the Herald I have been as friendless in my uncle's hall as I could be if they would let me live here unmolested in this ruin."

His look and accent, as he spoke these words, expressed a sense of desolation most pathetic, to be felt by one so young. With all his defiant bearing, and his stoical endurance of the pain which he so plainly suffered, he still was but a boy, with a young boy's need of friendship and kindly care. He had poured forth the recital of his wrongs with such a passionate sincerity as to leave but little room for doubt that all he had said was true; and if evidence had been wanting to confirm the story, it was furnished by his forlorn appearance and his present situation. Richard's heart was deeply touched, and all the pity that he felt was in the tone with which he said,

"I AM SORRY FOR YOU, GUY."

These gentle words had more effect on young De Briancourt than had his recent suffering; for they brought the tears to his eyes, and made him droop his proud head for a moment. Richard continued:

"But I cannot see how you could live here alone for any length of time, if your uncle should permit you to remain."

"I have lived here now for nearly a month, and I have everything I want," was Guy's rejoinder. "The tower is warm and dry; and when I first took shelter here I found some boards and made this door, to keep out any wild beasts that might come prowling about. I have made me a bed of dry leaves in the upper chamber—as good a bed as I ever had at Meulan. And as for food, there are nuts and wild fruits in the forest, and game in plenty; and I have my bow and arrows. I have been happy here, and *free!* But now," he added, with a gesture of despair, "they will drag me back to Meulan, to eat my uncle's bread, and do a scullion's work, and be a kicked and beaten slave!"

"Perhaps not," said Richard, quietly. "But how did these men come to find you, Guy?"

"The Count of Meulan is hunting with the Baron Godefroy du Mar," said Guy; "and this morning, before I knew it, I came upon his train out yonder in the forest. I was chasing a deer—I believe it was the same one they were after—and I did not discover their approach until I came tearing through a thicket and bounded out in full view of the huntsmen! I doubled and ran back into the covert, and they did not follow me very far, so I thought I had escaped them; but it seems my uncle sent them here to watch for me, and they hid themselves till I returned at nightfall. And just as I was getting ready to roast my deer for supper they rushed in and seized me, all three at once. But it was I that got the deer!" he triumphantly concluded.

At this moment some stir was heard among the men-at-arms, who had remained outside the tower; and one of their number entered hastily and said, addressing Bothon of Bayeux:

"My Lord Count, there is a band of horsemen close at hand—a hunting-party apparently."

"My uncle!" ejaculated Guy de Briancourt.

A moment later the hunting-party rode up, and the two nobles who took the lead jumped off their horses and approached the tower. Osmond looked out as they drew near, and said to Richard:

"MY LORD, IT IS THE COUNT OF MEULAN."

"And Godefroy du Mar," added Bothon.

Richard said, quickly:

"I do not wish these Lords to know that I am present, Bothon—not yet."

And, drawing Osmond with him, he stepped back out of sight behind the Norman soldiers. He had it in his mind to learn from Guy de Meulan's own lips whether he would uphold his huntsmen in their unmerciful treatment of his nephew.

The two Lords who now appeared upon the scene were both fine, stalwart men, dressed in hunting-suits of leather, each wearing a knife, in place of a sword, suspended from his belt. Count Guy de Meulan was dark, and stern of aspect; while the Baron du Mar, a young man about the age of Osmond, had light hair, a frank, genial bearing, and a very pleasant face.

"What! Bothon of Bayeux?" he cried. "And Ivo of Belesme? By my faith, I am right glad to meet you both!"

The Count of Meulan gave the two Danes a more ceremonious, but quite as friendly, greeting; and inquired, with some surprise, how it happened that he met them in this place.

Bothon replied:

"We are on business of the Duke's, and we have stopped here to pass the night, for want of better loadings."

"Just what we are going to do!" said the jovial Godefroy. "We have been out on the hunt since early morning, and being so far from the hall, we concluded to sleep here, and start for home at daybreak. We will have a rousing venison supper all together, good friends; and to-morrow, if the Duke's affairs are not too pressing, you shall keep us company, and tarry for a day or two at the Castle du Mar."

"How fares our young Duke, Bothon?" inquired the Count of Meulan; and Richard, hearing every word, must have had a thankless heart if he had not been gratified by the stern Lord's accent of devoted loyalty.

"Ay, Bothon," added Godefroy du Mar; tell us all the news about our Lord."

"Bothon made a half-laughing answer:

"You shall hear of him shortly!"

And, to change the subject, he added:

"We found some of your retainers in possession here, Guy, when we arrived."

With a motion of his hand, he directed the Count of Meulan's attention to Guy de Briancourt and the three huntsmen, for the Count had not observed them when he entered. He followed Bothon's gesture with his eyes, and as they fell on the unflinching figure of his runaway nephew, a flame of anger overspread his visage.

"So you are here, as I thought likely—unruly young varlet! How dared you leave the castle, he said, sternly, "and wander off in this way?"

Guy made no answer, but stood with clenched hands and lips compressed, facing his uncle; and the Count's anger appeared to be augmented by his silence, though it was evident that he would have been equally incensed if the youth had spoken.

"What!" he exclaimed; "you have nothing to say for yourself? Well and good; and if my commands have been carried out you have had a lesson that should teach you to remain where you belong in future, and submit yourself to them that are placed in authority over you."

GUY WAS STILL SILENT,

but the expression of his white, determined face was so far from being submissive that his uncle apparently began to doubt his having received any such lesson; and he demanded, sharply, turning to the huntsmen:

"Have you chastised him as I bade you when you captured him?"

"We have, my Lord."

"Then I warrant you laid it on too light," rejoined the Count. "He looks but little subdued, it strikes me."

"My Lord, we laid it on too heavy, these noble friends of yours appeared to think; for we had not finished with him when they arrived, and they bade us hold our hands," replied the chief huntsman, looking uneasily at Bothon of Bayeux.

"It is true, Guy," said Bothon, gravely. "They had beaten the lad beyond all mercy. Look here."

And the Dane, drawing near to young Guy, made a movement as if to uncover his bleeding back to his uncle's view; but the boy flung off his hand, and scowled at him so fiercely that he stood amazed.

"I would not hurt you, boy," he said.

"Let me alone; I am not asking the Count of Meulan for mercy!" muttered Guy.

"Oh, you need not waste any sympathy on him, Bothon; he is the most unconquerable, stiff-necked young cub that ever drew breath!" averred the Count; and swearing a round Norman oath, he added: "If they had not finished with him they shall finish now, unless he makes a promise to amend his behavior. What say you, boy? Will you go back to Meulan obediently, and conduct yourself better hereafter?"

"No!" said Guy, throwing back his head and hurling his answer, like a missile, at the Count. "I never will return to Meulan till I am dragged by main force—and then I will escape again the first chance I get!"

"Insolent boy!" exclaimed the angry Count. "It is plain to see that you have not been sufficiently punished."

"He is the nephew of his uncle, Guy!" laughed Godefroy du Mar.

The Count retorted, frowning:

(Continued on 5th page.)

THE Lost Army.

Scouting and Fighting Adventures of Two Boys IN MISSOURI AND ARKANSAS IN 1861, '62.

Missouri Guerrilla and Jayhawker Warfare.

FIENDISH QUANTRELL.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travelers," "The Young Nimrods," "The Voyage of the Vivian," "Fulton and Steam Navigation," "Decisive Battles Since Waterloo," "Marco Polo for Boys and Girls," etc., etc.

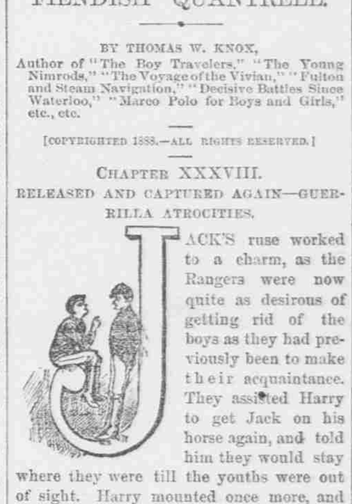
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RELEASED AND CAPTURED AGAIN—GUERRILLA ATROCITIES.

JACK'S ruse worked to a charm, as the Rangers were now quite as desirous of getting rid of the boys as they had previously been to make their acquaintance. They assisted Harry to get Jack on his horse again, and told him they would stay where they were till the youths were out of sight. Harry mounted once more, and with considerable apparent difficulty persuaded Jack to accompany him. He only succeeded in doing so by exacting a promise from "Gen. Price" that he would follow them at once and trade horses when they went into camp that evening.

With this understanding they rode off, and as they went over the crest of the ridge Harry peered over his shoulder and had the satisfaction of seeing their late acquaintances riding the other way along the road at a smart pace. They were greatly relieved when they saw the last of the jayhawkers, and devoutly hoped they would not encounter them again.

To make sure of being out of their reach, they rode at a good speed for two hours and more. The sun was about setting when they



THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

came to a vacant house. While they were looking through it and its outbuildings, in search of feed for their steeds, and possibly for something they could put into their own mouths, a squad of horsemen dashed up to the door, and they found themselves prisoners once more.

Things were getting lively, but they felt easy this time, as they saw that the uniform of their captors was the Union blue. The squad was quickly followed by another and then by another, until not less than 50 mounted men were assembled. They were under the command of a Captain, who proceeded to interrogate the young prisoners.

Harry was inclined to be suspicious, as he had been told that a band of thieves wearing the Federal uniform was scouring the country and committing atrocities such as the worst of the Secession bands had rarely been accused of. So he answered by telling the old story of having come from the neighborhood of Forsyth, and being in pursuit of some horse-thieves. He again described the missing horses, and asked if the depredating Home Guards had been seen by the Captain or his men.

His course was a prudent one, as we can easily see. In case his captors were really Union cavalrymen he knew that no harm was likely to come to Jack or himself. He was ready to declare who and what they were as soon as he was satisfied of the genuineness of the apparent Unionists; but, if on the other hand, they should prove to be the band of murderers of which he had heard, the fate of both the youths would have been sealed, and their lives forfeited if they had avowed their real characters.

We will pause briefly in our narrative of the adventures of Harry and Jack, to describe one of the features of the troubles in Missouri—the guerrilla and jayhawker warfare.

By an agreement between Gens. Price and Fremont in the Fall of 1861, it was provided that there should be no guerrilla warfare in the Western Department. All fighting was to be performed by organized bodies of troops serving under properly-commissioned officers, and not by bands of irresponsible men.

For the benefit of our younger readers we will explain that guerrilla warfare takes its name from the practice of the Mexicans during the war between their country and the United States. Bands of armed men (called in Spanish "guerrillas") prowled through the country robbing wherever there was a chance to rob, and falling upon wagon-trains or small bodies of troops that they felt able to conquer. They formed ambuscades along the roads, and, being under no authority, did pretty much as they pleased.

They violated the rules of honorable warfare in a good many ways, and though the Mexican authorities pretended to wish to suppress them, it was a noticeable fact that they were not suppressed. They went freely into the camps and forts of the Mexican army, and often received supplies from the military authorities; at least such was the belief of the American commanders.

Well, the same sort of affairs began to prevail in Missouri, when the two opposing Generals agreed to stop it. But it was not

TESTING A GUN.

stopped, and as time went on it grew worse, until the guerrilla bands of Missouri were little better than bands of murderers. The rebel authorities claimed that they had no control over these men, but somehow they did not try to put them down; the guerrillas were safe as long as they were under the shadow of the rebel flag, and they always fled to its shelter whenever they made a raid upon the Union forces or posts and were pursued in consequence.

Here are some of their performances. A chieftain called Quantrell, whose real name was Charles Hart, raised a band of guerrillas in western Missouri early in 1862, and other chieftains of the same character did likewise. All through the part of Missouri south of the river of that name, and in various sections north of it, the country was scoured by these rascals, who very often treated their Secession friends about as badly as they did their Union enemies. It was the performances of these fellows, more than the operations of the Union and Confederate armies, that depopulated large parts of the State, and left them at the end of the war little better than a wilderness.

Quantrell's operations may be taken as an illustration of the worst type of guerrilla warfare, but there were others that fully equaled him in barbarity, though they did not become as widely known.

One day the steamboat Sam Gaty was stopped on the Missouri River at Sibley, near Independence, by a band of guerrillas, headed by George Todd, they having frightened the Pilot into running the boat ashore. They robbed the boat and passengers of all their money and valuables, then proceeded to murder the passengers in cold blood. Many of the passengers escaped, but those who did not were drawn up in line by the side of the boat and shot through the head, most of them being killed outright, and but few recovering from their wounds. Todd was said to belong to Quantrell's band, and at all events he was worthy of being one of them.

There was then no rebel army in Missouri, and no rebel flag floating, except stealthily, within many miles of the Kansas frontier. Some months after Todd's performance with the steamboat, Quantrell appeared at daybreak one morning in front of Lawrence, Kan., at the head of about 300 men. With the first beams of daylight they rode into

MAKING A PRISONER DIG HIS OWN GRAVE.

the town, having first placed pickets on all the roads, and every man who came out of a house was shot down without a word of explanation. The people had not dreamed they were in any great danger, as they were unaware of an enemy being within many miles of them, and there was no garrison to make a defense. There had been some fears of a raid upon Lawrence, but nobody had regarded them seriously.

Every German and every negro that was caught was killed without ceremony; his color or his accent, if white, was his death-warrant. Eighteen unarmed recruits were found at the rendezvous near the city, and these were all killed, as were also many private citizens. Some of these citizens were shot down, after they had surrendered and given up their money and valuables under promise that they should not be personally harmed.

The banks and stores were plundered, and so